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THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

THERE is a class of people who always allow most force to the weakest reasoning and the lightest evidence, and make a point of doubting that which almost every other body believes. Just the more probable or feasible that any thing is, these people are the more likely to reject it; and nothing carries with them so little weight as the attestation of an eye-witness, or the personal narrative of an actor. No book of note is allowed by these worthies to have been written by the person whose name appears on the title-page. Thomson's "Seasons" was not written by Thomson: no—there was a country gentleman of those days, a Sir William Bennet of Grubbet, who was the real author; if, indeed, a certain Roxburghshire clergyman had not also a considerable hand in it. "Paradise Lost" was not an original composition of Milton: not it—it was a translation from the Italian. The "Gentle Shepherd," published in the name of Allan Ramsay, was written by Duncan Forbes of Culloden, or no matter what other unlikely person. In the minds of this order of men, nothing is as it seems, or is generally set forth. A man may have written any other body's book; but they will not allow him to have written his own. Tell them that you are the writer of some trifle, which any one might have written, and you are of course disbelieved; but if you make no pretension at all, and only look like a person that could do something considerable if you chose, it is ten to one but they soon ascribe to you the authorship of one of the most distinguished works of genius of the day, which some other person has published with his name.

In the case of anonymous writings, where all the world is left to conjecture, these people of course always suggest the most unlikely person as the writer, or, if one very likely person be generally pitched upon, they employ all their ingenuity to show that it is not, and cannot be he. While the authorship of the Waverley novels was as yet a secret, what a glorious field did they enjoy for the display of their peculiar talent! Nineteen of every score of ordinary persons laid the honour at the door of Sir Walter Scott, a man who had written kindred works in a different walk of literature, and was evidently enjoying a revenue which could be derived from no other source. But these acute individuals knew a great deal better. There was a gentleman who had been disappointed at the bar thirty years ago, and had consequently withdrawn from society—there was a brother of Sir Walter, who had lived for many years in America—there was another person not at all related to him, and who possessed a genius of the first order, but, from circumstances, was unable to come forward as an author—it was any one of these people you chose, but not the author of the Lady of the Lake. He might read the proof-sheets and draw the money, but he did not write the novels. Nor, with some of these learned gnostics, did it avail that Sir Walter at last declared himself to be the author. No, like the physician in Chronophotologos, when informed that the king is dead, their cry was, "I'll not believe it, though himself should swear it." It was still the hermit advocate, or the emigrant brother, or the "amazingly clever person, who could not come forward as an author." The pretended acknowledgment of the secret was merely a piece of commercial convenience.

In some of their speculations about authorship, if unable positively to show that the ostensible name is a mere pretence, they are always ready at least to hint that the principal individual had great assistance from "certain friends." If a young or humble author shows

but a leaf of his manuscript to some more experienced and dignified writer, and gets it back with the word *which* made into *that*, and two commas put in with pencil "for his consideration," the latter obtains almost the whole credit of the work. If a writer live on terms of intimacy with a somewhat intelligent friend, or if he happens to have a rather clever wife, his laurels are sure to acquire a very equivocal tinge. There is a vulgar notion about authorship, which greatly besets the class of people I am describing; namely, that two persons can join in writing one piece of narrative. They seem to suppose that two men can go to one desk, and each send forth a thread of ideas, which, being twined together by some mysterious process, coze out at the end of one pen upon one sheet of paper. Hence, it is common to hear of writers who got a great deal of assistance in certain compositions, or who had their books half written for them by their wives or sisters; while, in point of fact, all that one mind can do for another in this way is trifling, and an expressly compound authorship is simply impossible. Some years ago, the wife of a clergyman acquired considerable celebrity as a novelist. Being, however, a person of great penetration and sense, the perverse faction would not believe that she was the real author of the works ascribed to her. Oh, no. They were chiefly, if not entirely, written by her husband, whose cloth was a sufficient reason for his disclaiming them. This passed current for several years, when at length the lady died. The faction then changed its tune entirely. The husband was not only deprived of his honours as a novel-writer, which never had been due to him, but he was stripped of the authorship of his own sermons, which was carried by a *coup de main* to the account of that person whom they had formerly denied to be the author of what was really her own!

It would be difficult, perhaps, to lay down any general reason for the habit of mind which causes individuals to doubt what all the rest of the world believes, to disrespect what all others hold in reverence, and find beauties where others see nothing but deformity. In some instances it seems to arise from an amiable feeling. I have met with persons who regularly took part with the unfortunate or the vanquished, whatever might be the merits of the case, and who cried up all things and all opinions that were in a condition of decline. Canning speaks of some such men as swearing,

— with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black, nor white so very white;

and it would perhaps be a man of this kind, who, on hearing a recital of the atrocities of Tiberius, remarked that the emperor must have been a wag. Such men are always trying to find excuses for the Stuarts, whom the world at large has so long agreed to condemn; while they suspect that the Covenanters and Whigs were, after all, a rather turbulent set, who required to be kept down by the strong hand. Speak to them of the noblest and purest public character of the age, and they will remind you of some little failing or flaw which, to common eyes, is lost in the effulgence of the general character. Execrate, on the other hand, some criminal who has not only outraged the laws of his country, but the feelings of humanity, and every sacred principle, and you are met with some redeeming trait—such as that, perhaps, which caused some one to strew flowers on the grave of even Nero. If they cannot bring up something actually palliatory, they evince at least a decided disinclination to condemn. They will not join the bulk of mankind in any thing. Whatever you say to them, they meet it with, "Oh, I don't know," and then proceed to battle you out of your position.

They seem to think that it would degrade them to be of the same opinion with their fellow-creatures. It is such men, I suspect, who become the partizans of outworn ideas in all speculative questions. Many of the Jacobites, for instance, would be of this kidney. They would hear of the Revolution one morning, say very significantly, "Well, I don't know," and be devoted ever after to the exiled prince, whom, perhaps, when in the height of his power, they had censured with all freedom. Men of this kind care for no species of knowledge which has long been ascertained and familiar to mankind. They delight only in the nooks and corners of science, where few intrude to jostle them. They are excessively learned about the middle ages, have several passages of "the Fathers" by heart, and know the processes of alchemy as exactly as if they daily converted shillings into sovereigns. They regularly become the patrons of all kinds of exploded dogmas in philosophy, and will not give their attention to any thing till it has been pretty generally voted a bore. Even in the common run of conversation, you find that they are perfectly indifferent about things which are fully known and understood, and are always seeking to lead the discourse to topics on which no one has any light, and where light, perhaps, from the nature of things, will never be had. While others content themselves with the Gazette accounts of things, they have no faith or satisfaction but in what they call "peculiar channels of information," namely, rumours and surmises picked up from gossips and waiting-maids, or filtered through the mind of "a very particular friend of the parties." If such men were traced into private life, I think it would generally be found that they are averse to mingling in large crowds, that they hate holidays, when all the world is gay, and have always the worst opinion of the weather when the sun is shining. If they find a company somewhat sombre, they will call for a merry song; and if every one is more hearty than another, they remind you that, after all, the hour of parting must come. When other people are sitting down cheerfully to their evening meal, they keep apart, or let you know they only come to table for fashion-sake—for *they never eat suppers*; and thus is the sociability of the company often destroyed. In unfortunate circumstances, they exert an amazing degree of fortitude, and even seem contented; but if they be in perfectly good circumstances, and see around them almost every material of joy, they begin to be afraid—they cannot dare to be happy. Such men, if naturally of an illiberal disposition, suspect every thing in exact proportion to the innocuousness of its appearance. Whatever any man has said of himself, that they will not believe. Whatever opinion any man avows upon an abstract topic, they attribute it to some secret view of personal interest. Whatever any man does, they are sure he did it for a reason, and that reason a selfish one. Whereas vast numbers of men act without reasons of any kind, avow opinions which are sure to operate against their worldly interests, and speak without the power to deceive. They allow nothing at all for the bluntness, the imprudence, the stupidity of mankind; and hence the frequency with which very wise people mistake in their calculations.

The most provoking peculiarity of this class of people is their propensity to start objections to obvious and valuable truths. They will worry down the most infallible propositions by insignificant exceptions, and, by their very tenacity and perverseness, tire you out of your most heart-cherished principles. Every thing is liable to an exception of some kind or other; but of these it is necessary, in reasoning, that no ungenerous or unfair use should be made. Nevertheless, it is

certain, that, with the most of minds, the prominent statement of an exception, however trifling, becomes like the dead fly in the precious ointment of the apothecary, a source of vitiation to the whole mass. Under the influence of this deception, the most noble things will be degraded, the most useful will seem vain; while, on the other hand, the most worthless may be elevated and redeemed. The Perverse Ones, who well know this peculiarity of the human mind, never fail to take advantage of it, and thus are often successful in confounding the whole elements of truth among their hearers. An argument, with one of these paltry objections fastened to it, is not unlike an unfortunate dog with a canister tied to his tail. The dog is still a dog; but the grievance of the canister soon deprives him of all his strength and spirit, and he is perhaps killed outright at the last, merely because he has been so unfortunate as to become connected with a piece of sonorous tin. Taking a comprehensive view of the mischief, we would seriously counsel that exception-mongers should on all occasions be held as public enemies, and, if they survive the present article, be put down by the more weighty reasoning of an act of Parliament.

REMARKABLE SCOTTISH TREES.

SCOTLAND, though by no means a woody country, at one time possessed, and indeed still possesses, many fine large trees of various species, as oaks, elms, yews, firs, hawthorns, &c., some of which have been celebrated in the history of the country. Professor Walker, of Edinburgh, in his catalogue of remarkable Scottish trees, mentions several very fine oaks: An oak at Lochwood, in Annandale, measured at six feet above the root, was fifteen feet girth, among a number of others of nearly the same size, standing not less than nine hundred feet above the level of the sea.—An oak at Blarquosh, in the parish of Strathblane, in Stirlingshire, the spread of the branches of which was ninety feet diameter, measures fifteen feet in girth at four feet from the ground.—An oak in the Marquis of Tweeddale's grounds, at Yester, in Haddingtonshire, at one foot from the ground, measures about fifteen feet five inches; and at six feet, it is about fourteen. The tree called the King of the Wood, on the estate of Fernyhirst, near Jedburgh, is a beautiful tall straight oak of eighty feet in height. The girth of it is eighteen feet above the roots; and at fifteen feet, it is eleven feet six inches in circumference; and it goes on tapering gradually for nearly three-fourths of its height. And the Kepping or Trysting Tree, which grows near it, and which is much more picturesque in form, measures twenty-one feet above the roots. It speedily divides itself into two branches, which measure respectively eleven feet six inches, and fourteen feet. It is upwards of seventy feet high, and covers an area of ninety-two feet in diameter. These two trees are considered to be remnants of the great forest of Jedwood.—An oak which stands near the middle of Inch Marin, in Lochlomond, measured in 1786 eighteen feet one inch in girth. This tree is remarkable for its fine expanded head.

But none of these trees have attained the celebrity of Wallace's Oaks, two trees of considerable antiquity, one in Stirlingshire, the other in Renfrewshire. The former, which is now completely gone, in 1771 measured twenty-two feet in circumference in the trunk, and grew upon a little knoll in Torwood. From surrounding vestiges, it is believed that this oak originally mingled in the scene of Druidic worship, at a far remote period of our history. But its celebrity depended on events of a much later date. When that illustrious hero, William Wallace, roused the spirit of the Scotch nation to oppose the tyranny of Edward, he often chose the solitude of the Torwood as a place of rendezvous for his army. Here he concealed his numbers and his designs, rallying out suddenly on the enemy's garrisons, and retreating as suddenly when he feared to be overpowered. While his army lay in those woods, the oak which we are now commemorating was commonly his head-quarters. Here, it is said, the hero generally slept, the hollow trunk being capacious enough to afford shelter not only to himself, but several of his associates. This tree was thence afterwards known as Wallace's Oak. There is another Wallace Oak at Elderslie, in Renfrewshire, near the place where Wallace was born. It is a very noble tree, twenty-one feet in circumference at the ground. It is sixty-seven feet high, and its branches extend forty-five feet east, thirty-six west, thirty south, and twenty-five north, covering altogether nineteen English poles of ground. Tradition relates that Wallace and a large party of his followers hid themselves from the English among the branches of this tree, which was then in full leaf. It is a custom in Scotland to indent small portions of the wood of this famed tree in snuffboxes, along with perhaps minute portions of a tree said to be planted by Queen Mary at Holyrood, and lately removed—of another tree which the same queen sat under near Crookston, while witnessing the battle of Langside—of the rafters of Alloway Kirk, celebrated by Burns—with pieces of various other trees and timbers either brought into notice in history, or somehow connected with the popular literature and traditions of the country.

It is a very remarkable fact, that the trunks of large oak trees are frequently dug out of the ground in Scotland, both in the mainland and islands, at places where there are now not only no trees of an ordinary size, but where in the present day trees will not grow. There is no way of accounting for this, but by supposing that the climate has very much changed since the period when all was one universal forest. "Some very large masses of oak (says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder)" were brought up by the dredging machine employed in deepening the line of the Caledonian Canal, in Loch Dochfour, from under sixteen feet of gravel which lay at the bottom of the lake. One of these fragments measured thirty feet round; and though it manifestly appeared to be only a small portion of the original tree, it was calculated to contain about two hundred and twenty cubic feet. It was black as ebony, and perfectly fresh and hard. Although there are fine thriving oaks in Scotland at this moment, yet few of them approach the dimensions of these fragments of the olden time. But even these ancient trees, large as they are, cannot enter into competition with the oaks of the south; and the English sylvan remains of former times are often wonderful.

The best elm we have recorded as of Scottish growth, was that in the parish of Roxburgh, in Teviotdale, called the Trysting Tree, which was measured in the year 1796, and found to be thirty feet in girth. The ruins of this noble tree still remain at the Friars, near the old castle of Roxburgh. The most plausible tradition regarding the origin of the name of the Trysting Tree is, that the lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst, with a number of Scottish gentry, assembled there, in 1547, to meet the Protector, Somerset, during his rough courtship of the young Queen Mary, and to swear homage to the King of England. There can be no doubt that he was there; and this spot, which was near the old priory, was certainly a very likely place for such an assemblage. The Trysting Tree was also famous, in later times, as the scene of much innocent pleasantry. After the reformation, and until the present house of Fleurs was built, in 1718, the family of Roxburgh made an occasional residence of the remains of the religious house at Friars, which was then called East Roxburgh. The gardens belonging to it were kept up, until the year 1780, when old Coles, who was butler to Duke John, ploughed them up, and destroyed some beautiful vestiges of antiquity. In these gardens there was a raised walk, called the Lovers' Walk, between two rows of old elms, forming a vista, which terminated with the Trysting Tree, whither the beaux and belles of these old times used to resort, to enjoy themselves, on a summer evening, and to eat the fruit, which was always sold during the absence of the family. Upon these occasions the gentlemen were often made to walk blindfolded in the alley; and if any one failed to grope his way from one end of it to the other, without diverging from the grass into either border, he was immediately fined in a treat of fruit. What a picture would Watteau have made of so admirable a subject! Many a courtship was brought to a happy termination at this antiquated Vauxhall.

Near the house of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire, there is a very ancient and remarkable ash. This tree has been surrounded by a sloping bank of earth to the height of about three feet. A little above this artificial bank, or about four feet above the natural surface, it measured thirty-four feet one inch; at the height of four feet above this bank, it measured twenty-one feet three inches; and at the height of twelve feet from the ground, immediately under the three great arms into which it divides, twenty-two feet nine inches. At the junction of these arms, the leading trunk had, above a century ago, been broken over, in consequence of which the tree has become hollowed. One of these arms measured ten feet four inches, another eleven feet, and the third twelve feet in girth; and yet they seem not to have been originally branches, but only pollards formed after the trunk was broken over. Many years ago, the tree being hollowed and opened on one side, the opening was formed into a door, and the rotten part of the tree scooped out. In this way a small room, nine feet one inch in diameter, was formed within the trunk. Its roof is conical, and eleven feet high. It is floored, and surrounded by a hexagonal bench, on which eighteen people can sit, with a table in the middle; and above the door there are five small leaden windows. Though the tree has decayed in the heart, it has continued to live in the bark, and to form a great deal of new wood. The whole trunk, which is a vast mass, is thickly covered with fresh vigorous branches.

An ash in the churchyard of Kilmalie, in Lochaber, the parish church of the Lochiel family, was long considered as the largest and most remarkable tree in the Highlands. It was held in reverence by Lochiel, and his numerous kindred and clan, for many generations, which probably hastened its destruction; for in the year 1746 it was burnt by the brutal soldiery to the ground. Its remains were examined on the 23d of October 1764. Its circuit at the ground could then be traced, most parts of the circumference of the putrid trunk being several inches, and others about a foot, above the surface of the earth. Its diameter, in one direction, was seventeen feet three inches, and the

cross diameter twenty-one feet. Its circumference at the ground, taken in presence of Henry Butter, Esq., of Falsally, and Mr Campbell, collector of the customs at Fort William, was fifty-eight feet! It stood in a rich deep soil, only about thirty feet above the level of the sea, in Lochiel, with a small rivulet running within a few paces of it. No information could be obtained concerning the exact size of the trunk. A person present, who had been well acquainted with the tree, described it as being of vast bulk, but not tall, as it divided into three great arms at about eight feet from the ground. The place was visited again in 1771, when all vestiges of the tree were obliterated. The circumference of this tree is greater than that of any ash that has yet been noticed in any part of Scotland. But if the Bonhill tree could be measured at the ground, it would probably be found to girth as much."

At Newbole Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, a few miles south from Edinburgh, there are some remarkably fine large trees, most probably planted by the monks prior to the Reformation. "Professor Walker measured a beech at this place in 1789; its trunk, where thickest, was seventeen feet in girth, and the span of the branches was eighty-nine feet. He thinks that it must have been planted between 1540 and 1560. It was blown down a short time before the year 1809. It contained upwards of one thousand measurable feet of timber (twenty loads, or twenty-five tons), and it is with reason reckoned among the largest beeches that have ever grown in Scotland. A beech at Taymouth, of a like size, and seemingly coeval with this, was blown down when it had reached above sixteen feet in girth. The large beech at Ormiston Hall, in Haddingtonshire, the bole of which we remember to have seen scooped artificially out into a shelter-house, was measured on the 10th of May 1762, and found to be eighteen feet ten inches. We believe it was quite entire when it was destroyed by a high wind. A large beech, near Oxenford Castle, in Edinburghshire, was measured on the 6th of June 1763. At the height of three feet from the ground it was nineteen feet six inches. This fine tree was then decaying. Professor Walker says that the beech was not copiously planted in Scotland till a little before the Revolution; and the trees planted about that period do now form, in many places, considerable timber, as at Inverary, and other places. But the four trees last mentioned, which appear to be nearly contemporary, are of a much more remote era. They seem to have been planted singly, and merely as curious foreign trees, in the gardens of some eminent persons. From their dimensions and manner of growth, they may be presumed, at least, to have been planted between 1540 and 1560, so that they may now be estimated at between two hundred and forty and two hundred and sixty years old. From the state of the Ormiston Hall and Newbole trees, it may be concluded, that the beech, if it meets with no accident, will grow with sound timber for at least two hundred and fifty years.

There are some very large chestnut trees at Lord Grey's residence, Kinfauns Castle, in Perthshire. The largest of these was cut down in October 1760, and measured twenty-two feet eight inches. This tree was supposed by the proprietor to be above two hundred years old. All the branches had leaves and fruit upon them the year it was cut, though the trunk was found entirely decayed.

A chestnut in the garden at Castle Leod, in Ross-shire, measures at least fifteen feet in circumference. There is a beautiful chestnut at Riccarton, in the county of Edinburgh. One of the large main stems has been broken off many years ago, so that the trunk has been much injured and decayed. But its boughs and foliage are as full and rich as can possibly be, and the branches have in many places reached the ground, and rooted. They extend over an area of seventy-seven feet in diameter, and immediately above the ground the trunk measures twenty-seven feet in girth.

The great chestnut that stood at Finhaven, in Forfarshire, was long accounted the largest tree in Scotland. In the year 1760, a great part of the trunk of this remarkable tree, and some of its branches, remained. The measures of this tree were taken before two justices of the peace, in the year 1744. By an attested copy of this measurement, it appeared, at that time, that at half a foot above the ground, it was forty-two feet eight inches and a half. As this chestnut appears, from its dimensions, to have been planted about five hundred years ago, it may be presumed to be the oldest planted tree that is extant, or that we have any account of, in Scotland. In the possession of Skene of Carriston, there is a table made of the wood of this tree, having an engraved plate, on which are marked its dimensions. The castle of Finhaven was an ancient seat of the Earls of Crawford. It was to this place that the third earl of that title retired after the battle of Brechin. He was called the Tiger Earl, or Earl Bearded, from the enormous length of his beard. After being reconciled to King James the Second, he became a peaceful subject; but the turmoil of war seemed to have been necessary to his existence, for he died in six months afterwards. Let us imagine this old warrior seated with some of his companions beneath this aged chestnut, and we shall have a picture worthy of Salvator.

The two chestnut trees on the lawn, which was formerly the garden at Dawick, the seat of Sir J. Murray Nasmyth, Bart., a few miles above Peebles in Tweed-

* Gilpin's Forest Scenery, edited and enlarged by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, a work recently published in an elegant form, and a copy of which no country gentleman should be without.

dale, are certainly the oldest and finest in Scotland; or perhaps we should say that there are none equal to them in Britain.* They stand twelve feet apart from each other, but they support a mass of foliage that appears to be but one head, which takes a beautiful form, and covers an area of ground the diameter of which is ninety-six feet. The largest of the two is in girth, immediately above the root, sixteen and a half feet; at three feet high it is twelve and a half feet, and at six feet high it is twelve and a half feet. The smaller tree is twelve and a half feet in circumference at the base, and ten feet at three feet high.

There is a magnificent lime-tree at Gordon Castle, the head of which spreads over a large extent of ground. Its trunk is of great magnitude, and the branches being supported by posts, form a most beautiful canopy of shade. We are told that the two first lime-trees were planted in England about the year 1590, and are still growing at Halden in Kent. Dr Walker thinks it more probable that the tree was introduced into England by the Romans, but that it does not appear to have been planted in Scotland before the reign of Charles the Second. The oldest and largest in Scotland are those at Taymouth and Inverary.

A sycamore at Bischopton, in Renfrewshire, figured by Mr Strutt, in his superb work, is twenty feet in girth at the ground, and sixty feet high; it is a magnificent spreading tree, and contains seven hundred and twenty feet of solid timber. It stands on the banks of the Clyde, opposite to Dumbarton Castle.

A sycamore at Calder House, in the county of Edinburgh, standing in the pleasure-ground, on the road from the house to the church, on the 4th of October 1799, measured seventeen feet seven inches in girth; at the ground it measured twenty feet three inches. Its trunk was twelve feet high, and it then divided into five great arms. Its branches extended in diameter about sixty feet. This tree was known to have been planted before the Reformation, and John Knox was said by tradition to have preached beneath its branches. The people remarked, with some surprise, that it fell to pieces, through age, on the day when the Catholic emancipation bill was passed—a measure which they thought John Knox would have opposed. This was the tree to which, long ago, the iron jugs (a species of pillory) were fastened. The tree came gradually to grow over them, and they were then entirely lost to sight, though not without leaving a great protuberance, on the south side of the tree, at the height of between four and five feet.

Such are a few of the most remarkable trees in Scotland mentioned by Sir Thomas, who proceeds with an equally amusing detail of many others of the fir, the yew, and other species, which, if to be noticed by us, must form the subject of a subsequent article.

LANDER'S NEW EXPEDITION ALONG THE NIGER.†

THIS expedition was fitted out by a company of enterprising Liverpool merchants, and consisted of two steam-boats, the Quorra, of 150 tons, wood-built, and of the usual construction; the Alburkah, an iron boat, of 57 tons burthen, weighing, however, only 15 tons absolute weight, and drawing little more than three feet water; and a brig of 150 tons, which was meant to lie at the mouth of the river, and load goods as brought down by the steam-boats. The little flotilla left England about the end of July 1832, and arrived off the Nun on the 19th of the following October, having previously run down the coast of Africa from the Isles de Los, and touched at Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, and other settlements, to procure refreshments, and embark Kroomen. It was in this way, probably, however, that sickness so early showed itself in the expedition, Captain Harris of the Quorra, and two seamen, having already died before it entered the river.

Their first cares on arriving were, to moor the brig in security, to await their return, and to tranship from her, into the two steam-boats, an adequate supply of goods for the interior trade. The steam-boats proceeded up the river on the 27th, encountering no direct opposition from the natives, though they had reason to believe that king Boy was averse to their proceeding, and had even directed their pilot to run them ashore. For the first forty miles, the banks were mere mangrove swamps; afterwards they acquired some degree of muddy consistence. The tide ascended about eighty miles, running up about four knots, but the current down on the ebb was above seven. They arrived at Eboe on the 7th of November, having thus far escaped without any additional loss of life, though, in addition to the general unhealthiness of the swampy country traversed, they had encountered some sharp hostility from the inhabitants of a village about thirty miles below Eboe, which they considered themselves obliged, in consequence, to destroy by way of example. Mr Laird believes that the quarrel originated in mere misunderstanding. The signal from the Alburkah, the leading steam-boat, to the Quorra to anchor, was

a gun. This was fired opposite to this village after dark, and, naturally alarming the inhabitants, was answered by a sharp fire of musketry from the bank. It became indispensably necessary, however, to stop this at all events, and the result was as stated, to the great regret of the assailing party.

The reception of the strangers at Eboe was not the less cordial for this event; indeed, the social system along the whole river was found to be so dislocated by the unhappy slave trade, that though a sort of authority was asserted by some principal places, as Eboe, Atta, and Funda, over the others, it was the mere authority of force and aggression—the strong insulting and oppressing the weak, not any bond of union for mutual protection. And in this way the fate of the destroyed village was never alluded to by any of the natives as a reproach to the party, though no doubt it was known to many, and operated as the warning desired. They remained at Eboe two days, which were passed in palavering (exchanging presents and other civilities) with the king, and in embarking the supplies thus obtained. They then proceeded on the 9th, and passed through what Mr Lander in his previous voyage had supposed to be a considerable lake, with three rivers proceeding from it, but which proved to be merely a widening and separation of its stream into two, not three, channels by an island. The river was here, from bank to bank, about 3000 yards across, with a varying depth from seven fathoms under; but Mr Laird can scarcely imagine whence all the water comes that appears to be discharged into the Gulf of Benin by the numerous rivers which flow into it. He cannot think that the Quorra alone furnishes the whole. Its mean breadth is not above 1500 or 1600 yards, and it is nowhere above two miles and a half across. Its stream is full of shallows; and altogether Mr Laird thinks that the Nun mouth alone discharges as much water as it brings down, though there is probably considerable deception in this, arising from the periodical accumulation of water near the mouth, caused by the flood tides.

Two days after leaving Eboe, the mortality recommenced in the expedition, and a blank occurs in Mr Laird's recollection in particular, until the 5th of December, when he found that he had lost in the Quorra alone fourteen men, and in the Alburkah three more. This disproportion was believed to be owing to the superior coolness of the latter vessel, the iron hull of which conducted and diffused all over her the freshness of the water in which she floated.

The expedition was now at Atta, a considerable town picturesquely situated on a low hill on the left bank of the river, and containing a population approaching to 15,000 souls. The population of Eboe was not supposed to exceed 6000. The expedition was now fairly entered within the district of the Kong mountains, which rose on both sides to an estimated height of 2000 to 2500 feet, and were extremely grateful to the eyes of those who had been so long accustomed to dull swamps, and who hailed the change as the harbinger of future health. The loftier among them were extremely precipitous in their ascent, with flat table summits; the lower were also frequently table, but some rose in conical peaks. They appeared to be distributed in two nearly parallel ranges, crossing the river in a direction from N.W. to S.E. with a spur as it appeared afterwards, running N.E. from the point of land between the Quorra and Tschadda, and dividing the basin of the latter from that of the Coodoonia. Their composition appeared to be chiefly mica-schist as far as Mr Laird was enabled to observe.

The king of Atta was not so friendly to his visitors as the king of Eboe had been, and all endeavours to engage him in an ivory trade were fruitless. It did not appear whether he was without a supply of ivory himself, as he sometimes allowed, though always with magnificent statements of the quantity which he could procure; or whether he was guided merely by feelings of suspicion and malevolence; but both, probably, combined. He was rude and disrespectful in his bearing, and his priests made a fetish above where the boats lay (that is, sacrificed a human victim, and threw the body, in morsels, into the river), to prevent the boats from passing up; but at length, weary of his prevarication, Mr Lander left the place, and the natives were much disappointed at finding their incantations of no avail. The next point to which the party proceeded was Bocqua, a town which Mr Lander had left on the right bank of the river, but which, having been sacked in the interval by enemies, was found removed to the opposite side. A market on the river, which had been held in the old town, had followed to the new; and a remarkable circumstance was here observable, arising probably from the necessity of the case, but which shows how near the extremes of barbarism and civilisation may meet. This market was a neutral ground, a sort of free port in which the subjects of antagonist kings met in peace. The people of Egga, Cuttum, Curfee, and other towns up the river, exchanged their goods here, without molestation, with those of Atta, Eboe, and others below; the chief articles of exchange being tobies, horses, goats, sheep, rice, &c. Butter was also found in the boats from above, of good quality, but without salt; of which last commodity there is an almost total want in this part of the river. The substitute is a harsh, acrid, pungent deposit from a lizivium of the ashes of certain plants; a potash rather than a salt, but crystallised.

The river above Atta was found excessively intri-

cate in its navigation. Mr Laird, indeed, considers that a step, or rise in its whole bed, takes place here, corresponding with the adjoining elevation of the Kong mountains; and that probably its course above this is again comparatively clear, as far as Bousa, where, according to Mr Lander's report in his first voyage, another similar rise takes place. Among the sand-banks thus encountered, the Quorra repeatedly grounded, and at length finally hung for six months, her progress upwards being here arrested. The Alburkah was more fortunate—she went up to the junction of the Tschadda, and Mr Laird thinks might easily have gone farther. But she did not so proceed till the following season.

The mortality in both vessels meanwhile proceeded, though not with the same frightful violence as below Atta; and the character of the diseases was various—fever, ague, dysentery, debility, &c. The blacks (Kroomen) embarked at Cape Coast Castle, fortunately remained well and faithful; and Mr Laird pays the usual tribute to the valuable qualities of these people, who are familiarly called the Scotchmen of the coast of Africa, and without whom scarcely any trade could be prosecuted along its shores. A good detailed account of them is wanting to the British public; we know of none except some short notices in the Parliamentary reports on Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast; yet some instruction must be deducible from the details of their erratic disposition, and general superiority to the other natives.

In February, Mr Laird lost his last immediate companion in the Quorra, Dr Briggs, the surgeon and naturalist who accompanied the expedition; and he is peculiarly earnest now in a wish to do justice to this most amiable and excellent young man, whose memory has been injured by a report that he was incompetent to his duties, and had not taken out with him the requisite supply of medicines.

After Dr Briggs's death, Mr Laird became dispirited from living so much alone; for, the Alburkah being above six miles higher up, his intercourse with Mr Lander and Lient. Allen, who were embarked in her, was necessarily very limited. He planned, accordingly, an excursion to Funda, a considerable town up the Tschadda, and departed on this in April. He had become, by this time, so confident of the pacific dispositions of the people, or at least of his own power, as a white man, to command them, that he set off with only one white attendant; the remainder of his crew were blacks. He took up, at the same time, a considerable stock of goods for trade. On arriving at the Tschadda, he found that river wider than the Quorra, but shallower, the utmost depth not exceeding nine feet. The water was also five degrees colder, which seems to indicate a short and rapid descent from a mountainous region; although the natives afterwards assured Mr Laird that it came from lake Tschad, and that, in fifteen days, they could take him to Kouka "on one water." No reliance, however, is to be placed on this account, and it seems extremely improbable. About thirty miles up the river, from its junction with the Quorra, and on its right or north bank, Mr Laird found the town of Jammahar, the seaport of Funda in the dry season, when a creek, which approaches to within ten miles of it, ceases to be navigable. Funda was thus also found to be north of the river, and twenty-five miles distant from it: Mr Lander's information, in 1831, had led him to believe it was to the southward. Jammahar is distant from it thirty miles by land, and above fifty by water, ascending first the Tschadda, and afterwards the creek leading to the town. It is a small place, very beautifully situated, as usual here, on the top of an abrupt hill; and the ravine, interposed between it and the main land, is bridged by an artificial mound, or levee, above thirty feet high, and very well constructed, with sloping sides, and a well-made road above. This work, indeed—the walls of Funda, which are twenty feet high, with a ditch thirty feet deep, and almost regular Moorish bastions—and some other extensive works of a similar description, almost induced Mr Laird to think that the country at some period not very distant had been occupied by a people farther advanced in civilisation than its present inhabitants. Funda itself is an immense place, as large, Mr Laird thinks, as Liverpool, and with a population not under sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants. He remained here two months, but in extremely bad health the whole time, and unable to open a beneficial trade.

The king he found a brutal and ferocious savage, not bloodthirsty, but excessively sensual and tyrannical. His seraglio consisted of 1500 women, and his palace was merely a group of round huts, enclosed by a palisade. In one of these Mr Laird was lodged, but he was debarred from intercourse with the other inhabitants; and all his firmness and resolution were requisite to support him in this new and difficult position, for he was refused permission to return, though not otherwise ill treated.

At length he bethought him of an expedient which procured his release. The constant answer to his demand to be dismissed was, that applications were made to the gods in his behalf, but no favourable answer was returned. He then said that he must send them a messenger himself; and, accordingly, letting off a rocket, of which a small parcel was among his other goods, he afterwards burned a blue light, the colour of which, he announced, would be indicative of a favourable reply. And such was the impression made by this stratagem, that not only was

* Sir Thomas seems here to forget the splendid horse chestnuts at Hampton Court: there are no trees of this kind in Scotland to compare with them.

† From the Athenæum, where it is stated to have been condensed from a communication read, February 10, to the Royal Geographical Society, the composition of the Secretary from materials supplied by Mr McGregor Laird, who accompanied the expedition.

he himself dismissed, with his goods, but Lieutenant Allen, who afterwards visited the place, also was enabled by it to assume a tone of threat and defiance towards the old king, which equally served his purposes of return.

The inhabitants of Funda, Mr Laird states, are about equally divided into Mohammedans and Pagans. The king is partly both; and there is little or no bigotry among either. Mohammedanism is understood to be rather on the increase, which may be advantageous; but, with it, the power of the Fellatahs, the nearest Mohammedan nation, directly north, is also increasing, which is a more doubtful benefit. While Mr Laird was up the river, these people made an incursion along the west bank of the Quorra, having crossed near Rabba; and although the party did not probably exceed 1000 in number, for even fear did not estimate them at more than 5000, no one thought of resisting, but all of flying from them. They thus sacked the country far and wide; among other places destroying Adda-Kudda, a place of considerable extent near where the steam-boats lay, and further remarkable for an extensive dyeing establishment, of which the process was as follows: In a clay mount, of considerable extent, artificially constructed, a number of pits were dug, four feet wide, by about eight deep. These were about one-quarter or one-fifth filled with indigo balls, three inches in diameter, but very coarse and dirty, and were then filled up with water and a ley from wood-ashes, when the whole was left to ferment. When the fermentation had ceased, a plank was put down, which coarsely raked the deposit to one side, and the cloths, suspended from a gallows, were dipped in the blue water, and hung to dry, alternately, till the colour was approved of; they were then highly glazed, as Clapperton describes, by heating. The colours were good, in consequence of the quantity of indigo used, but not fast, even soiling the hands when touched. All this the Fellatahs destroyed, their only object being slaves, booty, and destruction; but the art is widely diffused throughout the country.

The inhabitants of Funda are also good weavers of coarse cotton cloths, and did not at all approve of our Manchester goods, in which, they said, there was no stuff. They very much admired, however, our gaudy colours. They are also good common blacksmiths; fashion copper into bowls for their pipes, which they make so long, that when riding they can draw them resting the bowl on the foot; dress and sew leather well; and brew an excellent beer. They are ignorant of distilling, and, as yet, indifferent to rum—they will too soon learn, and suffer under its effects.

The breed of horses in the country is small, but active, and the natives are great riders, sitting well on Moorish-shaped saddles, high before and behind. The dress of ceremony, when going out on horseback, is a quantity of clothing, such as almost to make the rider helpless; but this is seldom used. The Arab bit is employed. The breed of cows is also small; of sheep and goats middle-sized; of poultry very small indeed. Great variety of fish is found in the river: one in every respect externally resembles the salmon, but the flesh is white; its average weight is about nine pounds. Two kinds of alligator, or rather crocodile, were met with—one snub-nosed, which attacked men, and was only found in the brackish water near the mouth of the river; the other was found higher up, with a long snout, and only dangerous when attacked. The natives take it in the same manner as the Egyptians take their crocodiles, by introducing into its open mouth, when running at them, a thick short stick, sharpened at both ends. Two or more will also attack them with spears, but the issue is more doubtful. The flesh is eaten; in the latter case, with great triumph. A race of the natives are peculiarly fishermen, and in the dry season build round straw huts on the sand-banks in the stream, for the more convenient prosecution of their trade; but Mr Laird believes that they are also frequently engaged in slaving, the encouragement for which unhappy occupation is here prodigious, there being a slave trade both up and down the river. To this, almost alone, he attributes the failure of the present expedition as a commercial speculation; nor does he think that any can be very successful while it is maintained.

By the letter of our present treaties with Spain, slave-ships can only be condemned if found with their cargoes actually on board. In consequence of this, they lie in the several rivers with their provisions on board, slave decks laid, and in every respect ready, without the least regard for the British cruisers watching them, until these are obliged to return to Fernando Po for supplies, or are otherwise out of the way. The human cargoes are then embarked, and four or five vessels sailing together, but immediately dispersing, with few exceptions all escape. Forty-six such vessels were said to be on the Benin coast when Mr Laird was there, and eleven in the port of Bonny alone.

On his return from Funda, Mr Laird found that Mr Lander had gone down the river to communicate with the brig, and obtain reinforcements and supplies. He was absent several months, having been induced to visit Fernando Po; and Mr Laird, finding the crew of his vessel, the Quorra, now aloof, reduced to himself, so ill that he could scarcely crawl, and two English seamen very little better, determined also to return. He came away in August, and, when half

way down, met Mr Lander then returning up, and intending to prosecute the voyage at least to Boosaa. He also touched again at Eboe, where, notwithstanding his helpless state, he was received with the same deference and kindness as before. In descending thence, he got into the wrong branch of the river, and had some difficulty in extricating himself from that leading to Benin, which he considers the principal mouth, in order to get into the Nun, an inferior stream. Having recruited his stores from the brig, he proceeded to Fernando Po, where his health was much restored.

THE BORE ENTOMOLOGICAL.

[The following exquisite morceau of humour is from an article in the Dublin University Magazine for March, entitled "The Bore of my Acquaintance." This Irish miscellany continues to be kept up with great, if not increasing spirit, and seems likely to become the first fixture of the kind, as yet known on the other side of the Channel.]

"MAKE it a rule of life—lay it down as a principle—to shun the acquaintance of entomologists. I am acquainted with an entomologist—a man of caterpillars, fleas, and earwigs—one whose heart is set upon midges, and to whom a cricket is the noblest animal in creation. What disgusts every body else, constitutes this individual's supreme happiness—all that crawls, creeps, bozzes, or stings, throws him into raptures. His sympathies are with reptiles. Of all the kingdoms of the earth, he cares for the insect kingdom alone. Of the dynasty of the gnats, he knows the whole annals: the chronicles of a wasp's nest are far better known to him than the history of England. In short, of all the creations of the sixth day, the only one he admires is that of the creeping things. Birds, beasts, fishes, men, and I believe I might add women, possess for this gentleman no interest or attraction whatsoever. He is all for the vermin. Had he lived in Egypt during the plague of lice and frogs, he would have thought it Elysium. He is a fellow who would turn from Cleopatra to her asp; and prefer a mosquito to a grasshopper to all the beauties, brunettes and blonde, that ever bewitched mankind. He would give the two eyes of Venus for the tail of a glow-worm, and all the roses of Paphos for a canker in one of the buds. For neither of his parents doth he care a groat; but to atone for such impiety, he shows more than filial respect for every father-long-legs he meets in a morning's walk. The only character of antiquity about whom he ever manifested the least concern is Curius Dentatus; and would you guess the reason? solely because Horace celebrates that personage for his 'incomitis capillis.' 'Curius, sir,' he once observed to me, in a conversation on the ancient classics: 'Curius must have been a valuable man: his head was a sort of entomological cabinet.' It was upon the same occasion, I think, he told me that he considered the 'Culex' as Virgil's masterpiece; and that he had never read a single line of Ovid, except the metamorphosis of Arachne. 'Well, but,' says some gentle reader, 'what is all this to you? Because an individual happens to have a fancy for wasps, is that a reason that you should be waspish?—because he has a passion for flies, need you, therefore, fly into a passion? Let him enjoy his vermin in peace. If he prefers a harem of beetles or butterflies to one of beauties, be his reptile propensities their own punishment; why should you vex yourself about it? What is it to you, if a gentleman has a turn for tadpoles, or chuses to run mad after moths and midges? I cannot see why one should be set down a bore, because he chuses to fall in love with a lizard, or wants strength to resist the seductions of a snail.' Not set him down a bore! I wish you had the experience of a single night in his house—you would know whether an entomologist is a bore or not. His beds are about as well adapted for repose as the bed of Procrustes. I can vouch at least for one of them, which I have unhappily tenanted three or four times within the last twelvemonth. It goes by the name of 'my bed.' Morpheus, perhaps, might sleep in it, or a watchman. I find it impracticable. In fact, the 'genius loci' is activity, not rest. I do not suppose all the opium in Turkey—or all the debates of last session—or the poetry of all the Annuals, could make me close my eyelids for one moment on such a couch. As a scene of animation, there never was any thing like it, except, perhaps, the Carnival of Venice. A carnival it is, indeed, in every sense of the word. Had I the benevolence of a Howard, the thought that I am making millions of creatures happy might be some mitigation of my sufferings; but as it is, language cannot describe the misery in which I await the morning. At first I used to execrate the chambermaid, but the truth soon came out. Imagine my astonishment on making the discovery that the agonies I had undergone were merely part of a series of experiments in entomology—that I had, in fact, been unconsciously advancing the interests of science, while the rest of the world were steeped in idle and inglorious slumber. 'Did you observe any thing peculiar,' he asked me one day at breakfast, 'in the bed you slept in last night?' 'Peculiar!—slept!' I exclaimed; 'I never was so horribly bitten in all my life—I never slept a wink.' The miscreant's eye beamed with unusual satisfaction. 'Probably not,' he replied; 'the bite is unique; it is

• Uncombed locks.

a new variety of the flea species; I imported it from Sicily; and, from what you say, I have no doubt but that I shall succeed in naturalising it in these countries: it lites with twice the spirit of the common flea, and you may have observed, it is nearly twice as large.'

Now, sir, I respect the legitimate pursuit of science as much as any man breathing; but I submit that this method of pursuing science is not legitimate or commonly decent; and if the man who ransacks the globe for vermin, colonises his mattresses with the most atrocious specimens that the warmest climates produce, and pastures them on the carcasses of his friends and acquaintance, if that man be not a bore—and a bore of the first magnitude—I must only say with the Moor, 'chaos is come again.'

STEAM NAVIGATION.

THE extraordinary value of steam navigation is almost nowhere so remarkable as in the case of the ferries across arms of the sea in Scotland. The Queensferry, for instance, the great post communication between the south and north of Scotland, has frequently been impassable for days, although only two miles in breadth; now, there is seldom or ever a day that steam-boats do not pass every half hour, making the passage within a quarter of an hour; whereas we have been four hours exposed to the fury of the elements in a small open boat on this ferry, and, after all, landed half a mile from the harbour. The distance of the ferry between Pettycur, in Fife, and Leith, is only seven miles, and we recollect embarking in a passage-boat, in the shape of a small sloop, some twenty-five years ago, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when every effort of the crew could not carry us into the harbour of Leith; and the nearest point we could make to it was Fisharrow harbour, six miles from Leith, where we were landed at one next morning, amid pitch darkness and torrents of rain, and at a place where there was no inn, and had to walk to Edinburgh, after having been without food since the time of our embarkation. Four, five, and six hours were not considered a bad passage in those days, and the sailing of the boats at all, depended entirely on wind and tide; whereas the passage is now regularly performed by steam-vessels three or four times a-day, at fixed hours, without the least reference to one or other, and the ordinary passage is forty minutes.

In great streams, navigation was mutilated and imperfect, because vessels could only make their way in one direction. As an example of the difficulties of navigating rivers beyond the reach of the tide, we may revert to the fact, that, on the great American river Mississippi, which runs at the rate of from five to six miles an hour, it was the custom of those boatmen who brought down produce from the interior of the country of New Orleans, to break up their boats, dispose of the timber, and return home by land; and those who did attempt a voyage up the river, by means of tacking and winds, required upwards of four months to accomplish a trip from New Orleans to Pittsburg, although only a distance of two thousand miles, and this at the cost of much labour and expense. That river, as well as most others of America, now exhibits a scene of bustle and activity, as steam-boats may be seen plying in all directions, without regard to the winds or the stream, and the voyage can be accomplished in fifteen or twenty days. Coasting voyages, which were formerly very tedious and uncertain, can now be performed with as much certainty as a journey by land, and even in a shorter time than the most favourable season and winds could before induce. The ordinary passage from Leith to London by a smack was from three days to three weeks; this is now usually accomplished in forty-five hours. The Monarch steam-packet has lately performed the voyage in thirty-eight hours; the Royal Adelaide has sailed between Leith and London in forty and a half hours; and the Royal William in forty-two hours, including stoppages, which may be considered equal to that of the Monarch, which was reckoned only by the time it was sailing; and the Adelaide and William go between St Catherine's Dock and Leith, while the Monarch goes no further up the river than Blackwall, which is an hour's less sailing than to the station of the other vessels. The quantity of goods conveyed by these vessels, besides the immense number of passengers, is equal to that of three smacks. Our intercourse with Ireland and France is carried on by means of steam-vessels; and an astonishing improvement has of late been wrought on the aspect of the West Highlands of Scotland, and also on the manners and comforts of the people, in consequence of the use of steam navigation being employed on the numerous

lakes and inlets of the sea, by which these districts are intersected. Steam navigation has already been extended to most of the narrow European seas, and even so far as India, where vessels of considerable bulk may be seen plying on the Ganges, and other large eastern rivers.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

Young men possessed of romantic notions of the delights of a soldier's life, will peruse with advantage the following descriptions of the horrors often endured by members of the profession, when on active foreign service. A soldier in the 71st regiment thus writes of his sufferings in the Spanish campaign:—

"Two days before our arrival at Salamanca, we were forced to form ourselves into a square, to repel the attacks of the enemy, and in that position we remained all night. It was one of the severest nights of cold I ever endured in my life. At that time we wore long hair, formed into a club at the back of our heads. Mine was frozen to the ground in the morning; and when I attempted to rise, my limbs refused to support me for some time. I felt the most excruciating pains over all my body, before the blood began to circulate. We marched forty-seven miles this day, before encamping, and about nine miles to a town next morning. Our fatigue was dreadful, and our sufferings almost more than we could endure." Yet this was nothing to what followed in the march from Astorga, in the retreat towards Corunna: "The first sixteen miles of the road lay wholly up the mountain, to the summit of Foncebadon; and the country was open. At this time it was a barren waste of snow. At the top of the mountain is a pass, which is one of the strongest, they say, in Europe. It is about eight or nine miles long. All the way through this pass the silence was only interrupted by the groans of the men, who, unable to proceed farther, laid themselves down in despair to perish in the snow; or where the report of a pistol told the death of a horse, which had fallen down, unable to proceed. I felt an unusual listlessness steal over me. Many times have I said, 'Those men who have resigned themselves to their fate are happier than I. What have I to struggle for? Welcome death!—happy deliverer!' These thoughts passed in my mind involuntarily. Often have I been awakened out of this state of torpor by my constant friend Donald, when falling out of the line of march to lie down in despair. The rain poured in torrents; the melted snow was half knee-deep in many places, and stained by the blood that flowed from our wounded and bruised feet. To add to our misery, we were forced, by turns, to drag the baggage. This was more than human nature could sustain; many waggons were abandoned, and much ammunition destroyed. Our arrival at Villa Franca closed the second act of our tragedy.

From Villa Franca we set out on the 2d January 1809. What a New-Year's day had we passed! Drenched with rain, famished with cold and hunger, ignorant when our misery was to cease! This was the most dreadful period of my life. How differently did we pass our Hogmanay from the manner our friends were passing theirs at home! Not a voice said, 'I wish you a happy New-Year;' each seemed to look upon his neighbour as an abridgement to his own comforts. His looks seemed to say, 'One or other of the articles you wear would be of great use to me; your shoes are better than those I possess: if you were dead, they would be mine.'

From Villa Franca to Castro is one continued toil up Monte del Cebiero. It was one of the sweetest scenes I ever beheld, could our eyes have enjoyed any thing that did not minister to our wants. There was nothing to sustain our famished bodies, or shelter them from the rain or snow. We were either drenched with rain, or crackling with ice. Fuel we could find none. The sick and wounded that we had been still enabled to drag with us in the waggons, were now left to perish in the snow. The road was one line of bloody foot-marks, from the sore feet of the men; and on its sides lay the dead and the dying. Human nature could do no more. Donald McDonald, the hardy Highlander, began to fail. He, as well as myself, had long been barefooted and lame; he that had encouraged me to proceed, now himself lay down to die. For two days he had been almost blind, and unable, from a severe cold, to hold up his head. We sat down together; not a word escaped our lips. We looked around—then at each other, and closed our eyes. We felt there was no hope. We would have given in charge a farewell to our friends; but who was to carry it? There were, not far from us, here and there, above thirty in the same situation with ourselves. There was nothing but groans, mingled with execrations, to be heard, between the pauses of the wind. I attempted to pray, and recommend myself to God; but my mind was so confused I could not arrange my ideas. I almost think I was deranged. We had not sat half an hour; sleep was stealing upon me, when I perceived a bustle around me. It was an advanced party of the French. Unconscious of the action, I started upon my feet, levelled my musket, which I had still retained, fired, and formed with the other stragglers. The French faced about and left us. There were more of them than of us. The action, and the approach of danger in a shape which

we had it in our power to repel, roused our dormant feelings, and we joined at Castro."

"With a gradual increase of sufferings, we struggled onwards. Towards the close of this journey, my mind became unfit for any minute observation. I only marked what I myself was forced to encounter. How I was sustained, I am unable to conceive. My life was misery. Hunger, cold, and fatigue, had deprived death of all its horrors. My present sufferings I felt; what death was, I could only guess. 'I will endure every thing, in the hope of living to smooth the closing years of my mother's life, and atone for my unkindness. Merciful God! support me.' These ejaculations were always the close of my melancholy musing.

After we had gained the summit of Monte del Castro, and were descending, I was roused by a crowd of soldiers. My curiosity prompted me to go to it: I knew it must be no common occurrence that could attract their sympathy. Judge of the feelings which I want words to express. In the centre lay a woman, young and lovely, though cold in death, and a child, apparently about six or seven months old, attempting to draw support from the breast of its dead mother. Tears filled every eye, but no one had the power to aid. While we stood around, gazing on the interesting object, then on each other, none offered to speak, each heart was so full. At length, one of General Moore's staff-officers came up, and desired the infant to be given to him. He rolled it in his cloak, amidst the blessings of every spectator. Never shall I efface the benevolence of his look from my heart, when he said, 'Unfortunate infant, you will be my future care.'

From the few remaining waggons we had been able to bring with us, women and children, who had hitherto sustained, without perishing, all our aggravated sufferings, were, every now and then, laid out upon the snow, frozen to death. An old tattered blanket, or some other piece of garment, was all the burial that was given them. The soldiers who perished lay uncovered, until the next fall of snow, or heavy drift, concealed their bodies.

Amidst scenes like these, we arrived at Lugo. Here we were to have obtained two days' rest; but fate was not yet weary of enjoying our miseries. On our arrival, I tried all in my power to find a place for Donald. The best I could find was a bakehouse. He lay down in one of the baking troughs; I put a sack over him. In two minutes the steam began to rise out of the trough in a continued cloud; he fell asleep, and I went in search of some refreshment. I was not half an hour away, when I returned with a little bread; he was still asleep, and as dry as a bone: I was wet as mire. I felt inclined more than once to wake him; I did not, but lay down on a sack, and fell asleep. I awoke before him, quite dry. There were three or four more, lying down on the floor beside me, asleep. My haversack had been rifled while I slept, and my little store of bread was gone. It was vain to complain; I had no resource. Cautiously I examined those around me asleep, but found nothing. Again I sallied forth; and, to my great joy, I saw a soldier lying unable to rise, he was so drunk. His haversack seemed pretty full: I went to him, and found in it a large piece of beef, and some bread. I scrupled not to appropriate them to myself. I hastened back to Donald, and we had a good meal together. I felt stronger, and Donald was in better spirits.

In the affair at Fuentes de Honore my life was most wonderfully preserved. In forcing the French through the town, during our first advance, a bayonet went through between my side and clothes, to my knapsack, which stopped its progress. The Frenchman to whom the bayonet belonged, fell, pierced by a musket ball from my rear-rank man. Whilst freeing myself from the bayonet, a ball took off part of my right-shoulder wing, and killed my rear-rank man, who fell upon me. Narrow as this escape was, I felt no uneasiness; I was become so inured to danger and fatigue.

During this day, the loss of men was great. In our retreat back to the town, when we halted to check the enemy, who bore hard upon us in their attempts to break our line, often was I obliged to stand with a foot upon each side of a wounded man, who wrung my soul with prayers I could not answer, and pierced my heart with his cries to be lifted out of the way of the cavalry. While my heart bled for them, I have shaken them rudely off.

We kept up our fire until long after dark. About one o'clock in the morning, we got four ounces of bread served out to each man, which had been collected out of the haversacks of the foot guards. After the firing had ceased, we began to search through the towns, and found plenty of flour, bacon, and sausages, on which we feasted heartily, and lay down in our blankets, wearied to death. My shoulder was as black as a coal, from the recoil of my musket; for this day I had fired 107 round of ball-cartridge. Sore as I was, I slept as sound as a top, till I was awakened by the loud call of the bugle, an hour before day.

In the attack upon Toulouse, I shall ever remember an adventure that happened to me, towards the afternoon. We were in extended order, filing and retiring. I had just risen to run behind my file, when a spent shot struck me on the groin, and took the breath from me. 'God receive my soul!' I said, and sat down quite resigned. The French were advancing fast. I laid my musket down,

and gasped for breath. I was sick, and put my canteen to my head, but could not taste the water: however, I washed my mouth, and grew less faint. I looked to my thigh, and seeing no blood, took resolution to put my hand to the part, to feel the wound. My hand was unstained by blood; but the part was so painful that I could not touch it. At this moment of helplessness the French came up. One of them made a charge at me, as I sat pale as death. In another moment I would have been transfixed, had not his next man forced the point past me: 'Do not touch the good Scot,' said he; and then addressing himself to me, added, 'Do you remember me?' I had not recovered my breath sufficiently to speak distinctly: I answered, 'No.' 'I saw you at Sobral,' he replied. Immediately I recognised him to be a soldier whose life I had saved from a Portuguese, who was going to kill him as he lay wounded. 'Yes, I know you,' I replied. 'God bless you!' cried he; and, giving me a pancake out of his hat, moved on with his fellows, the rear of whom took my knapsack, and left me lying. I had fallen down for greater security. I soon recovered so far as to walk, though with pain, and joined the regiment next advance."

The writer of these adventures served for upwards of eight years in the hottest of the French war, and was discharged, after the battle of Waterloo, with a broken constitution, and without a shilling in the world. His fate affords an useful warning to those who delude themselves with ideas of the delights of a soldier's life.

STORIES OF A FEMALE SEXTON.

NO. II.

THE FORTUNES OF DANIEL ROY.

ELSPETH was called one evening to assist in watching by the body of an old bachelor gentleman, whose mansion lay within the parish where she officiated, and whose housekeeper desired some company in the melancholy duties which had devolved upon her. This housekeeper was an old friend of Elspeth; which circumstance, rather than her official character, had induced the old lady to invite our heroine. The two sat down at sunset in the chamber occupied by the deceased, and, in the course of their vigils, the following extraordinary circumstances in his early life were introduced into their conversation:—

Daniel Roy, whose features even upon the bed of death retained the lineaments of high-spirited integrity and benevolence, which had always been his characteristics, was the representative of a family verging upon the rank of gentry, and which had long been settled on a small estate in the neighbourhood of the palace formerly alluded to. His father was left a widower in middle life, with one son and a daughter, and, being naturally of a penurious disposition, he took the opportunity afforded by his wife's death to contract his establishment from a degree of moderate comfort to something which bordered on plebeian meanness. Abandoning his mansion-house to the farmer of his estate, he retired to a paltry cottage, where he caused his two children to perform all the duties of servants, as far as these were required. His inferiors saw with surprise a fine spirited boy, and a blooming and elegant girl, condemned to labour the most servile, and denied all those advantages of education which their station warranted. Even of food they enjoyed but a scanty share, and the villagers at once felt pity and indignation when they beheld the two children seize and eat with voracity any morsel which the mothers of their companions might occasionally dispense to them while serving their own youngsters. One of these humble people, Janet Croal by name, who kept a small huckstry-shop in the village, and had been much befriended by the late Mrs Roy, ventured one day to remonstrate with the old man about his unnatural treatment of the young people. "Bairns," said she, "should aye ha'e a piece now and then—ye ken they're to grow aff't." But Roy was deaf to all her eloquence, only remarking that he was a poor man, that his tenant might fail, and that he might yet know what want was before the end of his days. If it had not been for some pains taken by Janet's husband, an old serjeant of the famous forty-second, to give them a lesson now and then, their minds would have been even more scantily fed than their bodies. Roy at length began to talk of putting his son as apprentice to a humble artisan in the village, in order that he might, as he said, work for his own maintenance—intelligence which so operated upon the previously harnessed spirit of the boy, that he immediately left the house, and went no one knew whither. While this event produced little effect upon the old man, it plunged Jeanie into the deepest affliction, for the society of her brother was almost the sole pleasure she had to support her against the hardships of her situation. She had now no consolation, except what she derived from a beautiful rabbit, which had been reared by her brother, and which bore his name. Little Dan was a somewhat extraordinary animal, being entirely white, except upon the tail and ears,

which were black; even the old man occasionally manifested some fondness for a creature which sported about so harmlessly, and cost so little for its support. All the villagers knew Dan; and many were the blushing striplings, who, in the hope of obtaining a kind glance from "bonnie Jeanie Roy," as she was called, brought tributes of dandelion and clover blades to its crib.

Jean grew up a perfect wildling—but it was a wild rose. Her nature was gentle, kind, and unsuspecting; her figure tall and handsome, and her face like the blush of summer morn. The imperfection of her education, and the sordid circumstances in which she had been reared, produced less impression than might have been expected; but their effect was sufficient to be fatal. She had been allowed by her father to read every kind of book which she could obtain on loan from the villagers, among which were a considerable number of works of fiction, and thus acquired erroneous notions of the world, and of her own destiny and duties. She looked upon every thing real as uninteresting, and doted upon the idea of princes and gentlemen in lowly guise, who, after winning the hearts of lofty maidens, disclosed their real character, and made their mistresses even loftier than they were before.

When she was about seventeen, a band of gipsies came to the village, and pitched an encampment in the wood, which extended from that place almost to Roy's cottage. As Jean was returning one day from the village with some things which she had been sent to purchase by her father, an old woman in tattered attire crossed her path, and proposed to tell her fortune. The young lady hurriedly said that she had no money; but the gipsy insisted on doing it for nothing. She then seized the reluctant hand of the maiden, and, after poring upon it for some time, informed her that within three days she should see the man who was to be her husband. "He belongs not to Scotland," said the crone, "and will tarry in it but for a short time. A mystery hangs over him; but he will be a true lover to you, and make you both rich and great." Having finished her oracular prediction, and unheeding the many questions Jeanie was anxious to have solved, she waved her hand with a gesture of impatience, and passed on, as she muttered, "When your fortune is fulfilled, you shall see me again." "Well," ejaculated the simple Jeanie, as she looked after her, somewhat disappointed at her sudden departure, "three days are at least no long time to wait before I know the truth of what she has told me."

Nevertheless, she had seldom passed two such tedious days as the following. On the third, she went to the village, and was much struck by the tall and even noble form of a man whom she there met, and whose large dark eyes beamed upon her as she passed. On the head of this individual was a fur cap, such as a man of any rank might have worn when travelling, and round his neck was a cravat of snowy whiteness, adjusted with all the nicety, which, according to the reigning mode, distinguishes the man who studies fashion. But here apparently ended every effort at gentility in his outward appearance; for a large ill-made and dirty-looking doublet, buttoned so as to conceal his waistcoat, and a pair of shabby pantaloons, so old as scarcely to be whole, with coarse worsted stockings, and clumsy clog-like shoes, completed his habiliments. Still there was something of pride in his air, mingled with an easy assurance, which belied the appearance of his general apparel. In returning home, Jean again met him, and blushed deeply as she observed the fixed attention with which he regarded her. Could this be the man the gipsy had announced to her as her future husband? Jean questioned of herself. The three days expired without her seeing any other she could fix her suspicion on, and in her wild imaginings he was set down as a gentleman or a nobleman in disguise. It must be so, for his whole bearing was a contradiction to his mean garments.

In supposing that this person was the husband the gipsy had allotted for her, and that he had not been accustomed to disfigure his handsome person in such clothing, she was right. Eugene Reynolds was the son of an English merchant, who had never been able to instil into his mind one good principle as a rule of action. He was vain, selfish, and vicious, and, after his father's death, quickly dissipated his patrimony at the gaming-table. He lived at a time when it was not unusual for such wild sparks to walk the boards of the theatres as a last resource; and, following thus the example of many of higher birth than himself, he subsisted for some time by his talents, aided by the general admiration excited by his uncommonly handsome person. This mode of life, though perfectly congenial to the taste of Eugene Reynolds, he was quickly obliged to abandon, from being detected in several swindling transactions. At length, having run the whole round of vice and infamy, and becoming connected with a set of housebreakers, he only escaped the gallows by a precipitate flight across the borders, when, being in the last stage of destitution, he fell in with a band of gipsies, who had newly migrated from England, to which he attached himself, and of whose society his want of principle, his theatricals, his undaunted assurance, his courage, and his great physical strength, rendered him a fitting member. This was the history of Eugene Reynolds previously to his falling under the notice of our heroine.

It is of course needless to inform the reader that the gipsy's prediction was part of a conspiracy for betraying the miser's daughter into a connection with him, not on account of her extraordinary beauty, but with a view to her inheritance. A young lady of proper education would have been in no danger from such a scheme; but after the account which has been given of Jeanie's early years, it will not seem surprising that she should have fallen a victim to it. The base Reynolds, looking upon her as the certain heir of her father's wealth, and hoping to make her an instrument for extorting money from him before his death, devoted himself to the business of forming an acquaintance with her—was successful—and, in no long time, by working upon the romantic prepossessions of the inexperienced girl, to whom he represented himself as an English gentleman of large property, but under a temporary disguise, in consequence of some venial imprudences, induced her to become his wife.

We must for some time leave this unfortunate village beauty to the consequences of her imprudence. Her husband, it may be believed, found himself greatly deceived in his expectation of immediate subsidies from the miser. The old man, on receiving an occasional visit from him for this purpose, expressed wonderfully little rancour about the betrayal of his daughter, but could endure no conversation on the subject of ready money. All Reynolds's representations of the penury under which Jeanie was suffering, proved vain: when a lady married, he said, it was to her husband, and not her father, that she had to look for support. The gipsy chief retired from every attack, breathing loud curses against his father-in-law, which the old man would only answer by double-locking the door behind him.

Thus five years rolled on, at the end of which Jeanie would have probably been altogether forgotten by her father, but for the occasional visits of her husband, and the strange pleasure which the old man took in the society of her favourite rabbit, now the sole existing memorial to remind him that he had once had children. After his money, nothing on earth was so dear to the miser as this little animal, which he used to keep by his side all day, and in his bosom all night, fondling it with a solicitude very opposite to his usual habits. Jean and her marriage had ceased to be mentioned or thought of by the villagers, save by the good Janet and her worthy husband, who often spoke together of the "two bonnie bairns, Danny and Jenny Roy," and joined in execrating the old miser's infatuation, who had sacrificed them to his grovelling love of wealth. At the end of the period we have mentioned, there arrived, on an evening in the month of August, at the little public-house of the village, a well-dressed good-looking man, who, after securing a bed for the night, walked out under a bright harvest-moon, and did not return till near midnight. Strangers rarely appeared in this sequestered spot, save for the purpose of viewing the ruins of the adjacent royal palace; and curiosity was immediately on the alert when the stranger was seen to pass that building without particular notice. Many, too, were the conjectures formed by those assembled over their evening potations, when the boy who brought home the cows belonging to the house affirmed that he had seen the newly-arrived gentleman perambulating the farm of old Roy. Nor was the landlord's surprise or curiosity diminished, as may be supposed, when this inexplicable person was known to have slipped out by four o'clock the next morning, and again taken the same path. But lest our readers should also be curious, we shall this time follow and watch his motions. It was with a hurried step and a thoughtful brow that young Daniel Roy proceeded at this early hour toward the plantation which adjoined the cottage of his father. When he had reached this place, he loitered a considerable time, looking ever and anon toward the dwelling of the old miser, and several times taking out his watch as if in expectation of an interview with some one. It was a beautiful morning: the sun had risen without a cloud to intercept the splendour of his rays, which seemed to have shed a shower of fairy arrows on the turf. The birds were carolling in full chorus that early hymn of joy which ever finds response in the human heart, unless when guilt has rendered it incapable of sympathy with nature. Yet neither the influence of the sun, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the song of birds, nor the fresh invigorating morning breeze which he inhaled with every breath, seemed to be heeded by the person under our notice, who never removed his eager looks from the miser's cottage. At length, wearied apparently by waiting so long, he walked almost up to its walls, then stopped and listened as if in expectation of hearing a door opened, or some other sound, to warn him of the approach of some one. Disappointed once more, he ventured round the house, and again listened; but still hearing no sound, he drew near the door, which, to his evident surprise, he found open. He entered with noiseless step—all was still. The cottage contained three apartments—two for sleeping, and one which served both as a kitchen and parlour. The door of one of the former was also wide open, and, encouraged by the silence which reigned within, he approached the bed which stood in a dark corner, but, as it was uncurtained, gave its occupant fully to view. The pen, however, cannot describe the freezing horror, or bring to the listening ear the piercing accents, in which the long missing son of old Roy cried aloud, "Alas, my wretched father!" For there he beheld his parent lying on his back, with his throat deeply cut, and weltering in a pool of blood which had settled round him, while his pinched and wrinkled features, and his starting eyes, bore the grim and appalling marks of intense agony, and his skeleton-like fingers still clutched the bed-clothes with the grasp of death. His son laid his hand on the bed, and stooped forward to ascertain if no lingering indication of life remained, but one near survey of the

hideous spectacle was convincing. He fled from the apartment as if scourged by fiends, and entered the other two rooms, which he found destitute of inhabitants. All three had evidently been ransacked for plunder, as every thing was tumbled about in the greatest confusion. He next rushed out of the house, and, running with his utmost speed back to the little inn, ordered a horse to be saddled immediately, and inquired for the nearest magistrate. He then told his landlord who he was, informed him of the murder, and in a few minutes found himself a prisoner in his apartment. He was informed that strong suspicion attached to him as the murderer of his father, from his not having told the night before who he was, and from the untimely hours at which he had visited the cottage in an apparently clandestine manner. Remonstrance on his part he felt to be useless; for he was himself struck with the reasonableness of the suspicion which attached to him. It would also have been a vain attempt to escape, had he even meditated such a procedure, for three powerful men remained as guards in the room with him. The village was also up in arms, and the house surrounded by a multitude, all eager to see the parricide. Among this crowd were Janet Crael and her husband, who resolutely pushed their way forward into the house, and were indulged by favour of the landlord with the exclusive privilege of conversing with the prisoner. Sorrowful, indeed, were the greetings given to their old favourite by this worthy couple, who, though from their former knowledge of his disposition, they firmly believed him to be innocent of the crime laid to his charge, greatly feared he might eventually pay his penalty. From these old friends the unfortunate man first learnt the fate of his well-loved sister. He had, he told them, just returned from the East Indies, and, being ignorant of what had passed during his absence, he had inquired of a man he met at a house a few miles off the day before, if Jean still lived with her father, and being answered in the affirmative, he had written his sister a few lines to inform her of his arrival, of his intention to remain that night at the village public-house, and to beg her to meet him in the plantation next morning at five o'clock, that he might be regulated in his subsequent movements by her information and advice. This letter, he said, the man had faithfully promised to deliver into Jean Roy's own hands, and he had consequently waited at the appointed hour in the expectation of seeing her. This account appeared very probable, except in the circumstance of the messenger having informed him that Jean still remained at the cottage. Nevertheless, the old serjeant and his wife remained unshaken in the faith they attached to the words of their friend, till after the arrival of two magistrates, when a search of the prisoner's person and apartment being ordered, it was discovered that the corner of his right-hand wristband and the cuff of his coat had been dipped in blood. There was now but one opinion on the matter. It was in vain that the unfortunate man described how he had laid his hand upon the bed, where, unthought of by himself, his clothes must have acquired the murderous stain. The evidence satisfied all who were present, and he was put into a chaise strongly guarded, and sent to the county jail, there to await his trial.

Janet and her husband wended their way home, deeply distressed at what they had witnessed, while they expressed to each other their astonishment at the infuriated conduct of the culprit. For why, they repeatedly questioned, had he appeared in the village at all? No one knew he was alive; and had he kept out of the way for some time after the crime was committed, the old man's property, the possession of which could have been his only aim in the horrid deed, would have been his own without question or suspicion. This appeared altogether very strange to the honest serjeant and his wife, who returned to attend in their little shop with minds completely engrossed by the subject. On the same evening, when Janet's husband had gone with some of his neighbours to make his observations on the scene of the murder, and she was serving some customers, a little thicket brawny man, whom she did not know, entered with a backload of hareskins for sale. Janet was in the habit of purchasing such articles, and she addressed herself to the task of examining them one by one in the usual manner. After she had told over a considerable number, she came to one which had been recently taken off, and, on turning it out, inadvertently uttered a scream of surprise, as she recognised the well-known and singularly-marked skin of the rabbit which had so long been the pet of the Roys. Fearful, however, of having alarmed the man, she, with ready wit, attributed her exclamation to a rat's having ran over her feet, and he being paid for his load of skins, partly in money and partly, according to his request, in whisky and bread, left the shop. It was then beginning to get dusky, and Janet, whose suspicions were completely roused, determined to avail herself of the indistinct light to track the man's steps, caught up a pitcher, and calling her daughter to mind the shop, sallied forth after him without delay. Though an active woman, Janet found it no easy matter to follow her customer. He doubled repeatedly, and altogether betrayed such an evident anxiety to elude observation, that, while her suspicions were confirmed, she was hardly able, without betraying herself, to keep him in sight. At length, to her great surprise, he returned to the village, though in an opposite direction, and, with a timid and stealthy pace, entered the ruined palace. Having thus housed him, she returned to her home, with her pitcher full of water, as if she had only been about on a common household duty. Presently, however, she threw her cloak around her, and, having informed her daughter that she had gone to sit with a neighbour, once more left the house. To guard against the worst, she called upon an aged female acquaintance, whom she informed of her intention to explore the ruins, where she felt convinced the real murderers of old Roy were to be found.

Bold and courageous as the kind-hearted Janet was, and resolved at all hazards to do her endeavour to save poor Roy, whom she had so long known and loved, yet

It was not in human nature, when engaged alone in such an undertaking, not to feel some slight misgivings, which were certainly increased when she came close up to the building and found the doorway, by which she intended to enter, closed up with large stones. This entrance was one of two, that, at different parts of the edifice, led toward the vaults, which she naturally supposed would be the place chosen by the present inhabitants of the palace. Confirmed in her opinion by the erection of this barricade, she went round to the other, which she found open. Having listened attentively for some time, without hearing any thing stir, she crept softly down a flight of steps, and proceeded to grope her way into a large vault, where she had so often played at Blind Harry in her early years, that she was as familiar with it by night as by day. On attempting to proceed from this vault into one which she knew to be connected with it, she found the passage, as she suspected, blocked up with a wall similar to the other, but apparently formed of more ponderous stones, and more firmly put together. She now again listened anxiously, and soon convinced herself that she heard a confused noise as of human voices. A feeling of exultation came to the heart of Janet, as she recollected that, when a girl, she had discovered a hole in the wall of separation between the two vaults, by which she had, much to the surprise of her companions, been able to tell what they were about in the one while she remained in the other. There were two massive buttresses which supported the mean wall, and this hole was at the top of one of them. No sooner did Janet recollect this lucky circumstance, than she clambered up the buttress by the help of some rubbish which lay against it, and, with some little difficulty, gained her old station on the top. Here she was not a little surprised to find that a piece of flag-stone, that she remembered to have carried there, still remained, probably as she had last left it. Once seated on the broad flat top of the buttress, Janet withdrew the piece of stone, and was considerably startled by the flood of red light which poured through it. There was now nothing to prevent her from seeing the interior of the vault. And, first, as the most prominent object, she beheld an immense fire of wood kindled against the wall opposite to her, which a little boy was feeding with pine branches, that hissed and crackled and blazed up half way to the roof. On this fire hung a kettle over a bar of iron driven into the wall, which a masculine hard-featured woman was tending, while several children of different sizes were sprawling about; some playing with two large bulldogs which lay stretched before the fire, and some clamouring for food. At one side sat two men on chunks of wood drinking whisky; and, on the other, a young woman in a tattered red cloak, with a child upon her knee. The sight of this poor squalid creature, whom Janet immediately knew to be that "Bonnie Jeanie Roy," once so much admired, filled her eyes with tears. The men she also knew; one as he who had sold her the skins, and the other as the husband of Jeanie, though certainly much altered for the worse since she had last seen him. There was the same commanding height, and the same handsome features, though now marked with the effects of the lowest intemperance; while his fine dark eyes had acquired a fierce and malignant expression, and his savage and blackguard speech and deportment marked him as given over to entire reprobation. As the pieces of pine-wood sent up their bright blaze, the faces of the whole party were so strongly illuminated, that each passing expression seemed more deeply marked than the strongest light of the sun could have shown them. Janet having become assured of the identity of the two men, now listened attentively to catch as much of their conversation as she could; for, feeling perfectly satisfied that the murderers of old Roy were before her, she was extremely desirous of hearing something that might enable her to criminate them. In this wish she was fated to be fully gratified. Jeanie's husband, on whom the whisky began to take effect, presently spoke in loud tones. "What," said he, with a horrid oath, "have you two lazy queans been about, that our supper is so long in being ready after the time I told you I should want it. I must be off; so give it us immediately." "Are you going away so soon then?" asked Jeanie, in a desponding tone, as she set the child down from her lap, and went toward the kettle; "I thought you had brought me here that I might see my father; but perhaps it is as well, for I am sure I should get no good by seeing him." "No, truly, I believe you would not," said her husband, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a wink at his male companion.

The orders for supper were promptly obeyed; and the contents of the kettle being afterwards transferred to a large deep dish, the whole crew assembled round it save Eugene, who, having selected from it what he chose, put it on a platter, and sat a little apart, while he ate, or rather endeavoured to tear with his teeth, what seemed to defy the powers of mastication in any of the party. "What rugging and riving!" said the crone who had acted as cook, with a laugh of fiendish malice, as she looked around and beheld the contortions of visage in each of her companions during their ineffectual efforts to separate the flesh from the bones. "I wish ye joy, sirs," she continued, "of your well-stewed supper, that ye were so impatient for." "Both the rabbit and the fowl must indeed have been very old, I think," said Jean; "but yet the smallness of the quantity for so many mouths is their greatest fault. But I suppose," she added, looking at her husband, "it was all you could get that would have served for food at all." "Not quite so, Mistress Mine," replied her brutal husband; "for I left another old carcass behind, that, I dare say, would not have been tougher than this ancient cock." And as he said this, he leered on the other man with an expression of horrid mirth, which was returned by his comrade with a grim smile. "O, I wish you had brought it," returned the half-famished Jeanie, "for I would have eaten it, however tough, I am so hungry." "Ay," said the half-drunken and inhuman miscreant, with his former theatrical tone, "had ye been cannibally given, ye might have broiled him, and eaten him too."

This quotation was too plain not to be perfectly un-

derstood by Janet, whose blood seemed to freeze in her veins at the hardened atrocity of the wretch, who, after committing murder, could thus jest upon it to the child of his victim, and was now partaking of food which he had coolly brought away from the very scene of his crime. Feeling the cold dead stand on her forehead, and forgetting herself for an instant, she raised her right hand, that supported a piece of flag-stone, to wipe it away. No sooner did it escape from her grasp, than it fell from the top of the buttress, and, encountering in its descent the loose stones which lay at the bottom, produced an alarm among the party within the vault. The two men instantly started to their feet, and pulling each a weapon from his breast, sprang up the dilapidated steps. The poor woman now waited in fearful expectation of their appearance. They were, however, obliged to go to a distant part of the building before they could find a place of egress, during which time the presence of mind of the courageous Janet somewhat returned; and she felt more assured as she reflected on the situation she occupied, raised far above the reach of the tallest man, and in the darkest part of the dungeon; for though the moon now shone brightly out, and finding its way through two narrow slits of windows close to the roof, lighted indistinctly the greater part of the place, still the buttress where she sat was in complete shade. She therefore took off her shawl, and stuffing it tightly into the hole, wrapt herself round in the large dark cloak, and drawing the hood more closely over her head, that none of her white cap might be seen, waited and listened in breathless anxiety. But terror of a new kind assailed the agonised woman, when, accompanied by the sound of the men's approaching footsteps, she heard the growl of the fierce bulldogs, and thought of the probability of her being discovered by their means. She could now see, by the glancing of the bright steel, as the men crossed the slips of moonlight on the ground, that they held each a long knife in his hand, with which they were cutting and thrusting the air before them, while the growl of the dogs, who were immediately below Janet, was changed to the wildest barking.

At length one of the ruffians tumbled over the newly-fallen stones, and laughed at the needless alarm. "So, here's the cause of the noise in the slopping down of this rubbish. I thought to have ended the day with a little blood, as I began it; but it is better as it is. Now I will be off. So mind what I have told you about getting Jean and the child away before morning, for they must be preserved in safety till they return to claim their inheritance. I had thought to find something in the old dog's kennel to subsist on in the meantime; but he was too cunning for me. Hark!" he cried; "what's that—there's something stirring now in earnest;" and, notwithstanding their late castigation, the dogs commenced a loud growling. Presently the noise of many feet and numerous voices approached. A light gleamed through the door from the stairs, and a number of men entered the vault, one of whom carried a lantern, which no sooner appeared than one of the villains adroitly struck it down, and involved the whole party in darkness. Janet now heard the well-known voice of her husband calling loudly for the torches; and first one and then a second threw their red glare on the dreadful scene that was passing below. The men who had accompanied Serjeant Croal in search of his wife, and of those who, from the account of Janet's friend, they believed to be the murderers, amounted to about a dozen, armed each after his own fashion. In front of these marched the valiant serjeant, brandishing his trusty claymore. The first object of the two villains, when thus exposed, was to hound forward the two fierce dogs, which, still sulky from their beating, were now loath to vent their savage humour on the intruders. This attempt, however, was but brief, for a sweep or two of the serjeant's claymore laid them both dead at his feet, and overpowered by numbers, the comrade of Jean's husband was speedily pinioned, in spite of the desperate way in which he laid about him with his knife. Reynolds now took refuge at the top of the pile of rubbish, where he brandished in one hand a pistol and in the other a knife, and threatened to kill the first who should attempt to lay hands on him. The intruders stood for a moment awed by the fierce demeanour of the man, and by the weapons with which he seemed so ready to execute his threats. But his fate was speedily decided, and by a circumstance which he little calculated upon. Janet, seeing the nature of the case, unloosed her cloak, and, with the most perfect coolness, dropped it over the villain, so as to blindfold him, and render the use of his weapons next to impossible. Her husband in an instant apprehended and seconded the design, by rushing upon him, and seizing his wrists, which he held firmly to the ground. The pistol, however, still remained in his hand, and with a desperate effort he turned it upwards, with the design of shooting his enemy. Croal saw the movement, almost without the power of interrupting it; he was just able to shake the hand a little at the moment the weapon was discharged. The slight alteration he thus gave to the direction of the muzzle saved him. The shot took effect under the jaw of the villain himself, and, penetrating his brain, laid him instantly dead. "Better you as me," remarked the old serjeant, with a grim smile of self-congratulation.

Janet was now relieved from her awkward situation, and was able, by a report of what she had overheard, to inform her neighbours that the real perpetrator of the murder lay before them in the husband of Jeanie Roy. That unfortunate young woman was taken home by the serjeant and his wife, and treated with a kindness which in time restored her to tranquillity, though not to happiness. Roy, being now released, and having gone to survey the corpse of the murderer, was surprised to recognise in him the messenger whom he had entrusted with the note for his sister. It was evident that the wretch had misrepresented the state of Roy's family, for some reason connected with the contemplated murder.

Roy was attached to his native place, not from early associations of happiness, but from his admiration of its local situation, and from its having been so long pos-

sessed by his ancestors, who, with the single exception of his sordid father, had been an honour to him. He therefore made the honest serjeant his factor, with injunctions to commence his new office by levelling with the foundation the cottage where his father had been murdered, and planting its site with fir, warning him at the same time to search the old premises narrowly, as he knew his father had been in the practice of secreting his money about him. In this search, no less than L.5000 was discovered, which, together with the money Roy had made in India, he laid out in the purchase of a contiguous estate, already provided with a mansion-house. The unfortunate Jeanie, however, felt her heart sickened at the thought of remaining where every object must remind her of her past history; and her brother entering into her feelings, carried her abroad, where, after having visited most of the continental countries, she fixed upon Normandy as her place of abode, and where her daughter, when arrived at the years of womanhood, married a man of property.

A WORD TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

THE interest we have uniformly taken in the subject of emigration, and our numerous papers descriptive of countries suited for the settlement of persons inclined to remove to scenes better fitted to reward their exertions than the place of their birth, have, we are glad to say, turned the attention of many thousands of individuals to this mode of improving their condition, and induced not a few families to emigrate within the period of the last twelve months. This, it will be perceived, is a favourite subject with us. We know of the deplorably hopeless prospects of innumerable families in this country; we know that nothing can or will occur in the natural order of things to relieve them of their embarrassments; we know that even with the advantages given by capital, it now requires an enormous degree of skill—an immense deal of calculation, and finessing, and struggling, and striving, to make any thing beyond a humble subsistence in most branches of trade or commerce; and we also know, that, in very many instances, the more children there are in a family, the greater is the curse, instead of the blessing, to the parents. Now, all this, we know, originates in the peculiar circumstances in which society is placed in this country; and as it is entirely beyond a possibility that any degree of patience, or theorising, or grumbling, will ever effect a remedy, it therefore, in our opinion, behoves every man, whose condition or prospects require it, to remove to one of those countries calculated to afford him a large and liberal return for the degree of exertion he puts forth. If, for instance, a married man in Great Britain or Ireland can by ten or eleven hours of hard labour barely procure a comfortable subsistence, comfortable clothing, and comfortable lodging for himself, his wife, and family, and by similar labour for only seven or eight hours a-day in Canada procure double the amount of all these comforts, then the man, by staying here, is either blind to his own advantage, or so stupid that he hardly deserves to be pitied. As for the pain of removing, or the trouble of the voyage in proceeding to the better land, that we do not consider worthy of a moment's consideration. However abstractly amiable the love of the place of our nativity may be, it is an idea which to a certainty creates hordes of paupers, and ought therefore to be put aside by men of rational understandings. Wherever an active-minded man can earn an honest and a comfortable subsistence, that is the country he should love, and thither he should transport himself.

We have been led to make these observations from having recently received a number of letters from emigrants who have settled in Upper Canada, all descriptive of the comforts of their new homes, and of their gratification in having taken the important step of removal. They in general, however, do not conceal the fact, that the emigrant must neither expect to see a beautiful country—according to our home notions of beauty—nor expect to succeed without considerable labour, and the exercise of no small degree of patience and humility. Among others who have emigrated to America from our representations, we have learned that one individual, who had proceeded from Edinburgh to Canada, had speedily left it in a state of horror: he had expected to see a paradise, and he saw nothing but dense forests of trees; he had imagined he would find no difficulty in commencing the business of a farmer, and the first day he was sickened with the toil. We are sorry to think that such foolish visionary schemers should ever resolve on trying to exchange a life of comparative ease, want, and refined indolence, in this country, for a life of labour in the backwoods. We have never disguised the truth in this matter. We have again and again warned our readers that nobody should emigrate with a view to farming, but persons who can and will work with their own hands, and will not hesitate to cast their coats when they take up an axe or a spade, and will in real earnest set their hearts to all kinds of labour, such as killing their own meat, thatching or repairing their own houses, wheeling their own grain to a mill in a wheelbarrow, or carrying it a few miles on their back—and, even at a pinch, sweeping their own chimnies. If a man can do all this, should necessity require it, then he may emigrate; but if he cannot or will not, then he had better stay at home, and take his chance of starving, or falling into a poor condition. We would not by any means say that nobody but those

accustomed to country labour should emigrate. We have known gentlemen, who hardly ever did any manual labour all their lives, make better settlers than peasants; because their minds were more alert, better educated, and less prejudiced in favour of old ways of doing things. An example of this kind has just been brought under our notice, by a letter written by a gentleman who emigrated to Upper Canada in July last. He had been a naval officer, and accustomed to a refined mode of living; but that does not seem to have at all cramped his energies. The letter is written to his brother in Edinburgh, who has obligingly permitted us to give it publicity, for the benefit of intending emigrants.

"London District, Upper Canada.

"MY DEAR J.—As you will have heard through—of our safe arrival across the Atlantic, and settlement in this part of Canada, I regret the less that till now it has been out of my power to write to you, so much have I been and still am engaged in various ways. We have now been about two months fairly located on the spot of our future home; and I am happy to say, that, upon the whole, I have to congratulate myself greatly upon the step I have taken, of coming to this country. The only drawback to my entire satisfaction has been the state of my wife's health. Both she and the children have had a very severe seasoning of bowel complaint, to which most new comers here are, I believe, subject. However, all are now getting better. My own health has been excellent since I came from England (except occasional attacks from my old enemy, headache); and I am delighted with the life of vigorous activity which I am entering upon. I made a purchase of 200 acres of land here, very shortly after my arrival, for I was determined to lose no time; since that, I have bought the adjoining 200 acres, so that I have now 400 acres of the finest land, in one piece, which is a very snug property; to this my government grant will add 300 more, where I choose to make my selection. The country in this part of Canada is beautiful, and the soil of exhaustless fertility. I have already commenced farming in a small way; for as there were 20 acres cleared upon my first purchase, I have put part of it under crop; and I number among my live stock a couple of cows, two teams of capital oxen for farm work, and about a dozen hogs. I have also an excellent waggon, and a sledge for the roads in the winter, which is now beginning to show itself, though we have had no severe weather yet. You see I have made the most of my time since my arrival. I intend also to clear 30 or 40 acres more this winter; so that, in the course of next year, I hope to have a clear farm of fifty or sixty acres under crop, which will supply my household with all the *needful* in the way of plain produce, and something over for the market. Our nearest regular vent for agricultural produce is about twenty-five miles off, and that certainly is no small distance on our horrid corduroy roads; but we hope in no long time to overcome the difficulty of transport, as it is in contemplation to carry a railroad through this part of the country to the head of lake Ontario. We are getting a very respectable neighbourhood around us here, and on that score particularly I consider myself fortunate in the locality I have chosen to settle in. I found here several officers, old shipmates, and friends of my own, besides others, both army and navy men, with their families, planted near us. My friend Captain — has built a church within a mile and a half of where I intend my own mansion to stand, and this I feel truly a blessing and comfort in prospect for us. The church will be ready for service next summer, and our minister is to be a Cambridge man, of whom I hear an excellent character.—I had the pleasure of meeting Mr Adam Ferguson in York, a few weeks ago; he has made a large purchase on the Grand River, about thirty-five miles from us, which, however, is no impracticable travelling distance during winter in the sleighing time. If any of your acquaintances really intend coming hither, the sooner they take this important step, the better; for land is rising in value so rapidly, particularly in good situations, that a year or two more will make a serious difference in the purchase-money. Much do I regret that I did not come here a few years ago, for I should have been twice the man of substance that I can be by the same amount of capital now. You will understand this when I say, that the price of crown lands has risen within the last year or two from 5s. to 12s. and 15s. per acre. I am at present busy clearing my land, at which vigorous work I labour with my men from morning till night. The snow is on the ground, and the air pretty sharp, as you may suppose; but the exercise of chopping is such fine warm work, that in five minutes we all have our coats off. I am living at the loghouse which was on the first farm I bought, along with my nephew and two men I have hired; so that we make a respectable force when we sally out in the mornings to attack the woods. We have no lack of wild animals about us, such as wolves, a few bears, deer, racoons, squirrels, partridges, &c., but so wholly engrossed am I with my labours, that with three guns I have not fired a shot since I landed. The wolves are no way troublesome. We get the finest venison for twopence a pound, and good beef for threepence; but of all table dainties commend me to a roasted racoon. When we first heard of the dish, we thought it could be no better than a jolly *acom-cat*, but one mouthful convinced us of our mis-

take, and then a racoon a-piece would scarcely have satisfied us.—I am, dear J., your affectionate brother, J. G. —"

Our readers will be pleased to remark, that the gentleman who writes the foregoing letter had no idea that it would ever be printed, and had therefore no object to serve in the representations he gives of his comfortable condition. We are delighted to hear of the well-doing of settlers of this hearty character—men who dash into their new occupations in the woods with something like a proper degree of enthusiasm—men who do not care for soiling their fingers or doffing their coats like heroes—men who would be ashamed to sit down in their loghouses to pass the cheerless day in moping over their dismal fate, or to lament the error they have committed and the delusions they have been under. It is these intrepid men who are entitled to win the world they are seeking. It is they who are laying the foundation of opulent families beyond the Atlantic, and it is they who will deserve the thanks of succeeding generations.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

[This beautiful and affecting elegy has been laid before us as a hitherto unpublished poem by the late Rev. James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath."]

Dear to my soul! ah, early lost!

Affection's arm was weak to save:
Now Friendship's pride, and Virtue's boast,

Have come to an untimely grave!

Clos'd, ever clos'd those speaking eyes,
Where sweetness beam'd, where candour shone;

And silent that heart-thrilling voice,
Which music lov'd, and call'd her own.

That gentle bosom now is cold,

Where feeling's vestal splendours glow'd;
And crumbling down to common mould,

That heart where love and truth abode.

Yet I behold the smile unfeign'd,

Which doubt dispell'd and kindness won;

Yet the soft diffidence, that gain'd
The triumph it appear'd to shun.

Delusion all—forget me, my heart;

These unavailing throbs restrain.

Destruction has perform'd his part,

And death proclaim'd—thy pangs are vain.

Vain though they be, this heart must swell
With grief that time shall ne'er efface;

And still with bitter pleasure dwell
On every virtue, every grace.

For ever lost—I vainly dream'd
That Heaven my early friend would spare;

And, darker as the prospect seem'd,
The more I struggl'd with despair.

I said—yet a presaging tear
Unbidden rose, and spoke more true—

"She still shall live—th' unfolding year
Shall banish care, and health renew."

"She yet shall tread the flowery field,
And catch the opening rose's breath:

To watchful love disease shall yield,
And friendship ward the shaft of death."

Alas, before the violet bloom'd—
Before the snows of winter fled,

Too certain fate my hopes consum'd,
For she was number'd with the dead.

She died—deserving to be mourn'd,
While parted worth a pang can give.

She died—by Heaven's best gifts adorn'd,
While folly, falsehood, baseness, live.

Long in their baseness live secure
The noxious weed, and wounding thorn;

While, snatch'd by violence, ere mature,
The lily from her stem is torn.

Yet who shall blame the heart that feels
When Heaven resumes the good it gave?

Yet who shall scorn the tear that falls
From Friendship's eye, at Virtue's grave.

Friend, parent, sister—tenderest names!
May I, as, pale at memory's shrine,

Ye pour the tribute anguish claims,
Approach unblam'd, and mingle mine.

Long on the joys of vanish'd years
The glance of sadness shall ye cast;

Long, long th' emphatic speech of tears
Shall mourn thy bloom for ever past.

And thou, who from the orient day
Return'dst with hope's gay dreams elate,

Falsely secure and vainly gay,
Unconscious of the stroke of fate.

What waits thee? Not the approving smile
Of faithful love that chases care—

Not the fond glance o'er paying toil,
But cold and comfortless despair.

Despair!—I see the phantom rove
On Call's green banks, no longer bright,

And fiercely grasp the torch of love,
And plunge it in sepulchral night.

Farewell, sweet maiden; at thy tomb
My silent footsteps oft shall stray;

More dear to me its hallow'd gloom,
Than life's broad glare, and fortune's day.

And oft, as fancy paints thy bier,
And mournful eyes thy lowly bed,

The secret sigh shall rise—the tear
That shuns observance, shall be shed.

Nor shall the thoughts of thee depart,
Nor shall my soul regret resign,

Till memory perish, till this heart
Be cold and motionless as thine.

* The poet's sister died at the age of twenty-four.

WILLIAM COCKERILL.

INNUMERABLE instances have occurred in recent times of men originally poor rising to fame and fortune by ingenuity and perseverance in the business of engineering and iron-founding. It is indeed only persons from the humbler ranks that can possibly succeed in these or similar professions, requiring hard labour and the use of a working-dress, seeing that the middle classes of society in nearly all instances are now animated with the desire of breeding their sons only to genteel businesses or learned professions; thereby leaving to the poor innumerable advantages which they disdain to seek for themselves and their descendants. Thus, we find that nearly all the great iron-founders, and masters of establishments of a mechanical nature in this country, have sprung from the lower walks of life, and have been the architects of their own splendid fortunes. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind which has come under our notice, is that of William Cockerill, the celebrated iron-founder in the Netherlands, a sketch of whose rise was some time ago given in the New Monthly Magazine. "He is (says this authority) a native of Lancashire, and was bred to mechanics. He first gained his living by making 'roving billies,' or flying-shuttles; but he had talents of a superior order; and such was his genius, that he could, with his own hands, make models of any machine of modern invention for spinning. Twenty-eight or thirty years ago, the late Empress Catharine of Russia, being desirous of procuring a few artizans from England, the subject of our memoir was recommended as a man of superior abilities, and our government granted him permission to proceed to Petersburg. The empress offered every encouragement, and he was handsomely rewarded for his various models of spinning machines, &c.; but her majesty's death, two years after his arrival, put an end to his prospects. Paul ordered him to make a model in a certain time; it could not be completed, and he was sent to prison; he contrived, however, to make his escape out of the Russian dominions, and, with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, went to Sweden. His talents, by means of the British envoy, were made known to the government, and the Sieur Cockerill obtained the direction of the construction of the locks of a public canal, which the Swedes could not undertake. Engineering, however, was not his forte, although he succeeded in his contract, and added a little more to his means. He had heard of the flourishing state of the manufactures at Liege and Verviers, without the assistance of the proper machinery, and there he imagined he should have better success. He proceeded to Hamburg, and obtained an interview with Mr Crauford, our envoy, informing him of his plans, and at the same time stating, 'that if he could obtain a small pension from the British government, he would return to England, not wishing to do any injury to his country by introducing machinery into a foreign one.' Mr Crauford highly approved of this, and forwarded Cockerill's memorial to our Ministers, but no notice was taken of it; and after waiting six months, he determined to seek his own fortune. He obtained a passport to Amsterdam, and learned further particulars relative to the state of the manufactures in the Pays de Liege, to which place he proceeded. It is unnecessary to detail his progress, but within a period of sixteen years, such was his success in fabricating machinery and steam-engines, he was able to retire a millionaire, after settling his sons in the business. At Seraing on the Meuse, he established the greatest iron-foundry on the Continent, or perhaps in the world. The king of the Netherlands is a partner in this great national concern, having invested in it a sum nearly to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds sterling; and it is said that not less than four thousand hands are employed in the establishment. Mr Cockerill has retired from business several years, and is residing at Brussels, living as quietly as when he made roving billies; he is about seventy-five years of age."

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